

breathe (on me) by pally (palliris)

Series: [do you feel it? \[6\]](#)

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood, Fighting, M/M, but not directly described, can i just write a legitimate porn fic for once goddamnit :(, per usual with these fics, sexual intimacy alluded to

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Summary:

Billy's a surprisingly good teacher.

breathe (on me)

Author's Note:

- For [stylescoalition](#).

FOR AJSTYLEZ, GOD FUCKING BLESS U FAM FOR YELLIN W ME ABOUT THIS NO GOOD PAIRING, u said u couldnt write "action-y" scenes so u werent going to write this particular line of thought but. i did. THIS ONES FOR U

day six of this fic a day thing, still going strong, gosh bless (also lots of sm0rchies in this one, thank god, i missed billy and steve making out like the kids they are)

also take a vote: should sundays fic be p0rn or more plot/interaction based

The woods are a real fucking bad place for Steve. Really digs in deep the old memories he's still trying to erase, and brings about new ones. Some good, some bad; all shit he doesn't need.

Billy just plunders on, and Steve steps about the fallen twigs and snow, trying not to trip but also not caring about staring at Billy's ass. The bungee end of Billy's leather jacket bunches around the waistline of his jeans, moving and stretching as he walks. It's distracting, is all.

(And, okay, he guesses he kind of deserves it when he trips and falls in the snow, but Billy's laughter was *totally* unwarranted.)

Steve stretches out when they reach the clifftop overlooking the small inlet of water, back and neck popping loudly as his arms are flung above his head. His shirt rides up and a splash of cold hits his stomach, then it feels hot because Billy's quite obviously looking at the spot. He sighs and puts his arms back down again.

"So let's get this show on the road, yeah? What's first?" Steve asks, gazing over at where Billy is digging a foot into the snow.

"It's a bit slippery, but not as bad as most areas. Guess it'll do; you'll be falling on your ass for most of it, though, so it can be your cushion," Billy replies. Steve catches the edge of a smirk on his face before it's gone, too quickly to really even tell.

And Steve just hums, gathers himself, and rolls up the sleeves on his own jacket. A series of breaths puff out of his mouth and fog up the air in front of his face, but he can still Billy clear as day. His eyes are like fire, hands braced and tense like the lightning before a storm.

Steve nods, and they're off.

Being in a fight feels like second nature to him. It's not really a good thing, but it still makes him pulsate with a heady rush, sweeping him over like he's a buoy in the tide. There's no dangerous edge to it; more just a feeling of wrestling, really, and Steve marvels at it.

With other kids, it had always been about something. Getting something, losing something; whatever. Now, he fights to learn and he fights to *protect*.

Billy gets in a particularly good jab to Steve's face, and the knock sends him sprawling backwards into the snow. His hand instinctively goes up to cradle his nose, and, yeah, it's bleeding. His sparring partner just stands there, huffing and panting and really *fucking* pretty. A piercing attentiveness has encaptured Billy's eyes, and they just stare at each other for a second.

Launching into a lengthy explanation, Billy begins to detail exactly what went wrong, and how Steve should fix it.

"And really, your foot planting is really kind of awful. Well; not kind of, but *very* awful. How the fuck have you survived until now?"

"Kids," is all Steve says. And he knows that Billy gets it, because yeah, he told Billy all about it, but he doesn't, not really. You can't really put into words how it feels to be saved by the people you should be helping.

"Well lucky for you, there's a fuck ton of 'em running around here."

They banter lightly for a few more minutes. Billy analyzes his

technique in the art of throwing and taking punches, and Steve tries to absorb it like a sponge. It's not long before they're back at it again.

The time passes rather fast when all he can concentrate on is the flow of his and Billy's bodies, watching for the smallest of details and trying to apply what he's learned. Steve thinks he's a rather quick study when he applies himself, though, because it doesn't feel like long before he's finally- *finally, goddamnit*- landing a solid punch on Billy's cheek and he goes down, hard.

He stays down, like that. Steve's just on the verge on checking on him, when Billy just.

He doesn't really know what he's expecting, but Billy laughing really isn't high up on the list. Or even really on any list at all.

"You learn fast, Harrington," Billy manages in between bouts of laughter. The air in front of his face goes hazy and white with his breathy laughs, and fuck if it isn't the most carefree Steve's seen him in a while.

"And you're sure I didn't punch you too hard, Billy? Might want to try for another and knock some sense back into you."

Billy just smiles, low and disastrously for Steve's health, and pushes his hands back into the snow. With his leverage, he kicks out at Steve's feet, and he goes toppling backwards again. Steve thinks that by the end of today he'll be covered in snow from head to toe.

It gets in his hair, on his lips, through the top lip of his jacket and down his neck. Cursing, Steve desperately shimmies and shakes, opening up the jacket so that there's no tension in it and the snow falls back down onto the ground. When he looks back up, Billy is still looking at him.

Steve stops moving. The snow is real damn cold against his ass, but Billy's stupidly hot eyes are locked on him and it feels like he's stuck in an oven rather than outside.

God, he's really losing sight of the objective, here.

(But does he care? Nah, not really.)

Kissing Billy is always so much fucking more than anything else he's ever done. It feels strangely meaningful to do it, out here, in the snow, surrounded by dead forests and the sound of dead quiet.

Blood from Billy's lip and Steve's nose run together, melting into their kiss and swirling around their mouths. It's kind of gross. It's kind of hot.

Billy's tongue searches his mouth in a question Steve can't really make out, but their bodies touch together and it sort of feels like the answer. And when Steve drags himself on top of Billy and they're pressed together all across their fronts, he shivers.

Kissing makes the time fly faster than fighting does. He's had enough experience to know that fact quite well, but the time seems to fucking sprint past them while they are there, laying on the cold, hard ground and making out like a bunch of kids.

It's only after Steve pitches off the the side to grab his beeping watch that he realizes that he's going to be fucking *late* and not even dumb smooches with Billy is going to stop him from picking up his responsibility. Well; responsibilities, today.

"Really? Gonna ditch me for some kids?" Billy asks, but there's mostly amusement and only a little bit of pettiness. The pout on his face is kind of cute, too. "Aren't I more important?"

Billy makes exaggerated fish lips, and Steve takes a second to admire the nice shade of red on his face and the kiss-bruised lips before laughing because yeah, Steve's face probably looks the exact same.

"C'mon," Steve giggles- *fucking christ; what is he, twelve?*- and places one last wet one that lingers on Billy's mouth. "I'll drop you off at your house on the way. Your father doesn't get back until early tomorrow morning, right?"

"Why?" Billy questions, and there's a bit of a grin poking through his voice, and it doesn't even matter that it's cold, because his smile fills Steve with a thick, intense honey-gold layer of warmth. "You thinking of visiting me?"

And all Steve replies with is just, “Maybe,” because Steve fucking hates promises; even ones he knows he’ll be keeping.

(But *man*, does Steve keep this one; keeps on keeping it until he hears a car in the driveway and has to tug himself back out of heart and home, but not before leaving a wet mark on Billy’s stomach, one he knows his boy’ll keep.)